

HARLOW NILES HIGINBOTHAM




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HARLOW NILES HIGINBOTHAM

A MEMOIR

with Brief Autobiography and Extracts
from
Speeches and Letters

Written and Edited
by Harriet Monroe

CHICAGO
1920

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Harlow Niles Higinbotham, represented, to a singular degree, the best citizenship of the second and third half-centuries of the Republic. Born on an Illinois farm October tenth, 1838; educated in his native state; serving as a volunteer soldier through the Civil War; employed by a small dry-goods house and working for it loyally and with perfect integrity until it had become one of the greatest merchandising firms in the world, and he one of its most active partners; responding with ardor to every public call, whether it came from a newsboys' and bootblacks' club or from the World's Columbian Exposition; retiring from business at sixty or more, and giving his later years, with beautiful devotion, to his family and his favorite charities and public works; and dying at eighty in full career and with faculties unimpaired; such a life epitomizes the strength and character of the nation during its robust and adventurous formative period.

The story of his earlier years may be outlined in Mr. Higinbotham's own words; for a rough manuscript, autobiographical but written in the third

person, was found among his papers after his sudden death. It begins as follows:

"Harlow Niles Higinbotham was born on a farm near Joliet, Illinois, October tenth, 1838. His father was Henry Dumont Higinbotham, who was born on January tenth, 1806, and died in 1865. His mother was Rebecca Wheeler Higinbotham. Both were born in Oneida County, New York. They moved to a farm in the Township of Joliet, Illinois, in 1834. The Higinbotham family came originally from Holland, removing thence to England, thence to the Babados Islands and from there to the United States.

"The farm, upon which Henry Dumont Higinbotham settled, was made up of lands purchased from the Government by him and not previously under cultivation. It is still in possession of the family, enlarged by purchases and inheritance from the late Mrs. Harlow N. Higinbotham's estate; her son, Harlow Davison Higinbotham, being the present owner and resident. For years a beautiful feature of it has been the carnation greenhouses—for the subject of this memoir made that flower his special hobby, and propagated many new varieties.

"Henry Dumont Higinbotham built and operated saw-mills with water-power furnished by Hickory Creek, a stream that runs through the farm. In the early days farmers for many miles brought their wheat and corn there to be ground, and his compensation was a percentage of the grain brought, called toll. This he ground, and sold as flour and meal. He also kept cattle and hogs that were fattened by feeding at or

near the mill, the tailings being used in part for that purpose. Being one of the early settlers in that section, he was looked upon with reverence by his neighbors, and was always called 'Uncle Henry' and his wife 'Aunt Rebecca.'

"When Harlow N. Higinbotham was a small boy the farther fence of his father's farm was the last evidence of civilization in that direction. In later years he used to say: 'I remember going with my father when he went out to erect a flag-pole in the middle of the prairie as a preliminary for a wolf-hunt that was held at least once each year. On a given morning all the settlers would start on horseback, with dogs and guns and horns, from the outer edge of a circle having a radius of ten or more miles, and work towards the center, where the flag-pole had been erected. In this way wild animals would be driven into a pocket, surrounded and killed. This was made necessary to protect the sheep, swine and poultry of the settlers. I have seen wolves kill our sheep in our own fields.' "

In one of his addresses is another reference to his early life:

"Our fathers were pioneers on the prairies of Illinois. There we early learned the lessons of Nature, and recognized and loved the message that the recurring seasons had for us. The flowers of the field and the forest were our companions, and we knew when and where to look for them; we knew the habit and habitat of each, and they were an open book to us. We knew the birds, and were not long in discovering that by their flight and their notes we could tell the season, and almost the hour of

the day. When we heard in the field the love-note of the pinnated grouse, or in the woods heard the drumming of his ruffed cousin on the logs, we knew it was time to plough and plant. An approaching storm was announced with certainty by the coming of the quail from his seclusion in the thicket to a position where he could make his message heard. The crooning of the cricket, and the call of the katydid, each had a meaning and message that we understood. These constituted the catechism from which we learned to believe in Deity, and the larger and diviner life for man."

To return to the autobiography:

"The farm was about three miles east of the village of Joliet, and the early schools were the ordinary district schools with one teacher for a few months in each year. In winter they used to have spelling contests every week in one of the three schools located at three points of a triangle named Jericho, Babylon, and Bagdad. Harlow had the distinction of being the champion speller when he was so small that he had to stand on a box to be as high as the others in the class.

"In order to give his children a better school, Henry Dumont Higinbotham built a house in the village of Joliet about 1855 and moved there. This was his home until his death in 1865.

"In 1857 the nineteen-year-old youth accepted a position as bookkeeper and teller in a bank in Joliet, after which he was cashier of the Bank of Oconto, at Oconto, Wisconsin. In 1860 he became entry clerk, bookkeeper and cashier for Cooley, Farwell & Company, wholesale dry-goods dealers in Chicago, a city he had

first discovered long before from the top of a load of hay which he had brought there to sell as a boy. In 1862 he left Chicago to go to the Civil War.

"He first enlisted in the Mercantile Battery, but was rejected on account of poor health. Then he obtained a position as clerk in the Quartermaster's Department, and went to Clarksburg, West Virginia. His service there being much in the open and on horseback, his health was restored. While there he organized a company of infantry, as a guard to protect Clarksburg as a base for supplies for the United States army, which was always in the mountains, frequently leaving its base unprotected. He was captain of this company, which was called the Kelley Guards, General Kelley then being in command of the department. While in Chicago Mr. Higinbotham had belonged to the old Zouaves, and had been drilled in the manual of arms and company formation and tactics. The Government supplied the Kelley Guards with arms and ammunition, and their presence perhaps prevented raids that might have been made. The company was made up of men employed in the Quartermaster's and Commissary departments.

"In 1863 and 1864 Higinbotham served in like capacity in Kentucky and Tennessee, and concluded his service at Hagerstown, Maryland, at the close of the war.

"Returning to Chicago in 1865, he engaged as book-keeper with the new firm just commencing business as Field, Palmer & Leiter. This firm changed in 1867 to Field, Leiter & Co., and a few years later to the present firm of Marshall Field & Co. Mr. Higinbotham was

a member of that firm and remained in that business until he retired in 1902. In his later years he was the only original member of that firm still living."

On December seventh, 1865, occurred his marriage to Miss Rachel Davison, of Joliet. Her mother was Priscilla Moore, whose ancestors were of Scotch descent, and came to this country in 1723, settling in Londonderry, N. H. The two had been acquainted since childhood, their fathers' farms being side by side. They attended the same school, and later, when Rachel Davison was the belle of Joliet, their friendship grew and culminated in their marriage. Six children—two sons and four daughters—were born of this union. Two of the daughters died in infancy. The four surviving are Harlow Davison Higinbotham, Henry Mortimer Higinbotham, Florence, wife of Richard T. Crane, Jr., and Alice, wife of Joseph Medill Patterson.

During the presidential campaign of 1864, when a large parade was to be held in Joliet in honor of McClellan and Pendleton, the democratic candidates, Rachel Davison had been selected to head it because of her great beauty and fine horsemanship; and this beauty remained with her until her death on June twenty-fifth, 1909.

Although modest and shy, Mrs. Higinbotham was a strong personality. She cared little for social life, never seeking conspicuous position, her home and children being always uppermost in her thoughts. Her sense of duty, and her thrift when a young matron, aided her husband to attain an influential position in the community. She exerted a strong influence, and during

their life together was companion, adviser, and assistant in large business undertakings and in philanthropic work. Like him, she was always kind, and always mindful of those in need.

During the World's Fair, her gracious hospitality made their home the centre of Chicago's social life. Their house on Michigan Avenue, designed in early French renaissance by F. Meredith Whitehouse, was a charming setting for the many entertainments given for distinguished visitors.

We now return to Mr. Higinbotham's narrative:

"At the time of the Chicago fire on October ninth, 1871, Higinbotham was in charge of the Insurance and Accounting Department of the business of Field, Leiter & Co., and was only an employe of the firm. Without waiting for instructions, he went to their barns and called out all the drivers with their teams; and he and they went at once to the store and commenced carting away the most valuable goods to a point south of the fire limit or belt. They continued this all night, and at the same time, by changing blankets in the windows and keeping them wet, they kept off the fire until it had passed them on the opposite side of State Street, gone north a mile or more and burned the city water-works. This occurred at about seven in the morning of October tenth, Higinbotham's thirty-third birthday.

"With their water supply thus cut off, they were helpless and had to abandon the store and its contents to the fire that slowly backed up from the north and drove them out. A later inventory showed that they had saved a little over six hundred thousand dollars'

worth of goods, their proofs of loss showed that a little over two million and a half had been burned, and their insurance amounted to nineteen hundred thousand dollars. This would indicate a loss of six hundred thousand dollars. It was, however, much greater for the reason that many of the insurance companies were unable to pay their obligations, a number not more than ten cents on the dollar. A portion of the saved goods were in the car barns at Twentieth and State Streets, some in a wooden church at Thirty-second Street and South Park Avenue. Higinbotham's home was then on Prairie Avenue near Twenty-seventh Street.

"Higinbotham went from the fire directly to Mr. Leiter's home, and told him of a plan he had formed for the re-establishment of the business. Mr. Leiter threw up both hands and exclaimed, 'Oh, Higinbotham! It is too early to make plans—Chicago is gone!' Mr. Higinbotham replied, 'No, no—we have got to do these things anyway.' His plan was for Mr. Field to give his attention to finding a place wherein to re-establish the business; Mr. Leiter was to take charge of the saved goods, and have them inventoried so that the inventory would show the contents of each case. Higinbotham had in mind the adjusting of the loss, as that was one of the first essentials. Mr. Willing, a junior partner, was to go to Valparaiso, Indiana, stop all goods coming from the east, and warehouse and insure them until the Company was ready to have them sent in. Mr. Higinbotham was to take his family and Mr. Leiter's, and all the bookkeepers and books of

account, cash and valuable papers, and go at once to Joliet and there remain until a place had been arranged for at least an office in the city. This plan, which was formulated while he was saving the goods, was carried out in every particular. In Joliet the office of Field, Leiter & Co. was for two weeks in his mother's house, and she took care of a number of the bookkeepers during their stay. He then went with his wife and baby to Cincinnati, St. Louis and San Francisco to adjust and collect insurance. A number of the companies in these cities having no agencies in Chicago had failed. It was his business to ascertain how much their assets would pay, collect the money and return as quickly as possible.

"The business was soon re-established, and went through that year with a net profit of over three hundred thousand dollars, notwithstanding that two and a half millions had been burned up in a single night. It was then that Mr. Leiter said, 'Higinbotham, we are going to give you an interest in this business!' meaning, of course, a share in the profits. Later he was made a partner and remained in the firm until 1902."

Unfortunately, Mr. Higinbotham's sudden death prevented his completing this autobiographical sketch with any fulness of detail. We have merely a few rough notes—two or three typewritten pages—in regard to his public activities, of which his work for the World's Columbian Exposition was the most important.

From the first he was an enthusiast in this movement for a fit celebration of the great quadri-centennial anniversary, and for the location of the world festival in Chicago. As he said years after, at a banquet to a

group of Japanese commissioners, who were promoting a proposed exposition in Tokio: "In the years preceding our Columbian festival, peace reigned throughout the world. It was an opportune time for the assembling of the animate and inanimate parliaments, a time for the world to pause, take account of stock, to note progress in all the things that make for peace and humanity's good; a time for the exchange of greetings between the peoples and the nations of the earth. You will all remember with what zeal Chicago entered into competition for the honor of being the host on that occasion. You will also remember the satisfaction and pride that filled our hearts when we had won the distinguished honor, and the heroic efforts we put forth to fulfil our pledge. To the older civilizations of the world it seemed presumptuous that a new city in a far country should appear in such a role. Our nearer neighbors predicted failure, and this stimulated us to greater effort; with a result that it is not even necessary to refer to, except in so far as to show its beneficent influence and substantial value to the world."

And this further extract from the address shows that his motive was not merely local, that his vision embraced a world-wide ideal of humane values involved in these great festivals of peace:

"The International Exposition, where the richest and rarest products meet in friendly competition, where the ripest wisdom of the ages is represented by the scholars and thinkers of all the world, cannot but result in great and lasting good and in promoting peace and good will.

"The Exposition stands at the meeting of the world's highways, where gather the nations of the earth, burdened each with the evidences of its newest and noblest achievements. It is an epitome of the world's progress, a history and a prophecy.

"The latest discoveries, the newest inventions, the triumphs in art, in science, in education, in the solution of social and even of religious problems, are here arrayed; whatever testifies to the industry, the skill, the creative and almost divine power of human thought when stimulated to its most earnest endeavors.

"The more we share with others the good we possess, the more shall they share with us the things and thoughts that make for peace with them. The more we all strive for the common good, the nearer we shall attain to universal brotherhood."

Thus inspired, he was deeply engaged in the enterprise from the first. In 1890 he had much to do with securing from Congress the honor of holding the Exposition in Chicago. After it was so decided, he was commissioned to go abroad to promote interest in the Fair—was a director and a member of important committees—Finance, Ways and Means, Foreign Exhibits; and later, in August, 1892, was made President of the Directory and Chairman of the Council of Administration, a body of four, chosen half from the Directory and half from the National Commission created by Congress. This Council was clothed with the full power of all other bodies and committees, and charged with the completion and administration of the Exposition at a time when the treasury was empty and

the enterprise was thought to be a failure. During that summer Mr. Marshall Field, Mr. Higinbotham's partner and head of the firm, was absent in Germany; and he withheld his consent to Mr. Higinbotham's accepting the Presidency, because he felt that the probable failure of the enterprise would reflect on their business. To convince him, Mr. Higinbotham wrote him the exact status of the Fair, what he thought he could do with it if Mr. Field would consent, and his reluctance to refuse his services at a time of crisis.

In regard to this, Mr. Higinbotham has stated: "I remember saying that he would not be glad he lived in Chicago if the Fair was a failure, and his property would not be worth half as much. I also wrote him how many people would attend the Fair and how much we would receive from concessions, estimating about as follows:

Admissions, 22,000,000.....	\$11,000,000
Concessions.....	4,000,000
Residium, Building Material, etc.....	1,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$16,000,000

"Then I wrote him that it would cost to complete and administer the Fair.....	9,000,000
	<hr/>

and we would have \$7,000,000 to pay back to bondholders and stockholders. These were arguments that he could understand when far away, and he cabled me, 'All right, go ahead.' I did, and we made the prognosis good and a little more. I wish I had time, space and patience to tell you how I

based my estimates for attendance, and then tell you how hard I worked to make it all come true. The other members of the Council of Administration agreed at the first meeting to stand by and support me all the time and always. This they did, with the result that at the conclusion, with six thousand written pages, we did not have a single negative vote recorded in the minutes of our meetings. The members of the Council of Administration, besides the Chairman, were: George V. Massey of Dover, Delaware; J. W. St. Clair of West Virginia and Charles H. Schwab of Chicago."

Mr. Massey, the only surviving one of the four, corroborates this assertion of harmony, and adds the following appreciation of his dead colleague's services:

"As one of his associates in the Council, I was afforded exceptional opportunity to become acquainted with his wonderful capacity for effective work along the most judicious and practical lines; and the knowledge of his envied characteristics, thereby derived, warrants the statement that the successful results of the Exhibition were more largely attributable to his untiring and energetic efforts than to any other official related to the undertaking."

The year or two covered by those six thousand pages of minutes was a period of dramatic intensity for the man at the head of the vast enterprise. The local Board of Directors, composed of Chicago business men, was the great working body which organized, paid for, and ran the Fair, the National Commission being a more or less ornamental consort appointed by the Government to give the Exposition authority and

dignity in the eyes of the invited nations. When Mr. Higinbotham, on August eighteenth, 1892, accepted the presidency of the Directory, after the successive resignations of Lyman J. Gage and William T. Baker, the early local enthusiasm had given way to despondency, for the impression had gathered force that soaring expenses could never be met even to the extent of repaying the bonded indebtedness, not to speak of the stockholders.

As president of the Board of Directors, Chairman of the Council of Administration, and member of the Bureau of Admissions and Collections, Mr. Higinbotham held three offices, each involving "heavy responsibilities which could not be delegated, resting upon powers which were ill-defined, yet were co-extensive with the purposes of the company's incorporation." For over two years these duties required his entire time—often from twelve to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four—and more than a man's due share of physical and mental energy.

The story is told with outward completeness in the "Report of the President to the Board of Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition," a volume of 323 octavo pages (exclusive of appendices) written in that clear, concise and vivid narrative style which was always at Mr. Higinbotham's command. Outward completeness only, for one must read between the lines of any formal report to discover the heart-story involved; and in this case, as in all Mr. Higinbotham's activities, the heart-story was the central motive.

He undertook this public service from the purest instinct of civic pride and loyalty—love of his city and state, pride in the great festival and delight in the ideal involved—its consummation of democracy in beauty representing the union of many creative wills. The Exposition was the first effort of our American democracy to achieve, in any large sense, such a consummation. Thus, to any man of vision, it was prophetic of a new era, and worthy of all that the individual could give. Mr. Higginbotham's gift was an indomitable will and a mind trained to finance, knowledge of men, quick decision of difficult problems, and unfailing resource in initiative.

One cannot tell the whole long story here, but a few characteristic incidents may be referred to. The electric light contest, for example, illustrates Mr. Higginbotham's skill and patience in handling would-be profiteers—for public spirit among contractors was not the universal rule. At this time, the spring of 1892, he was vice-president of the Board of Directors, but acting as president in Mr. Baker's absence. Powerful companies in collusion presented bids averaging \$18.00 per incandescent lamp for the six months the Fair was to endure; but by playing other companies against them, and refusing to be stampeded into immediate action, he gradually reduced this bid to \$5.95 per lamp, and finally gave the contract to another company at a still lower figure. In the end the sum paid for the entire service was \$399,000, as against the \$1,675,720, originally demanded.

Indeed the financial history of the Fair was one long series of contests and anxieties for its president. Again and again the enterprise would have failed for lack of funds if the situation had been less skilfully handled; and although failure would have meant national dishonor, the Congress at Washington did not show any proper sense of partnership in a great national festival which was to cost over twenty-eight millions. Instead of the five millions which had been listed for eight months in the appropriation bill and counted upon with reasonable assurance, the government at last, during the hot summer of 1892, compromised on two millions and a half in souvenir coins of uncertain sale; and afterwards, at a moment of imminent financial crisis, it withheld more than a fifth of that sum (\$570,880) to pay the expenses of its own department of awards, a department over which the Directory had no jurisdiction whatever.

What this cost the company's president during the following months of enormous expenditure, when construction bills for material and labor had to be met if the work was to go on, can hardly be estimated. The year from August, 1892, to August, 1893, was a time of incredible strain for the man at the helm. The writer vividly remembers a chance meeting with Mr. Higinbotham in July, 1893. Although she had felt that the attendance thus far was slight, she had not realized the financial issue involved. One glance at the familiar face, however, informed her of the danger; gave her an emotion of anxiety which she will never forget. The face, usually smiling and even tender with friends, was

white and stern and drawn; incredibly strong and firm, but cold and hard; the face of a ship captain through a tornado, of a general when the battle seems going wrong; recording a moment when individual emotion was swallowed up in the tragic passion of leadership through imminent disaster.

Fortunately this long and ever increasing strain began to diminish soon after. In August the gate receipts began to creep up, so that the bondholders became less clamorous and the Board of Directors less apprehensive; and the phenomenal "Chicago Day" attendance of October ninth—the twenty-second anniversary of the Fire which a young employe had fought for Field, Leiter & Co.—a day when 761,942 persons went through the turn-stiles, enabled the Treasurer of the Exposition to pay the bondholders in full.

But finances were only one detail, though of course the most important, the most fundamental, to the responsible Company and its president. Other issues involved brought less anxiety and more joy, introducing an infinite variety of experience and motive into the life of a middle-western American merchant. Of these were the president's relations with the board of architects, those distinguished artists from far and near who designed and built the Fair. In this connection may be mentioned his life-long loyalty to the memory of John Wellborn Root, the first consulting architect, who made the ground plan of the Fair, admittedly a master-piece of great-festival design, but suddenly died—in January, 1891—before he could lead in carrying it out. Mr. Higinbotham, to the end of his life, loyally

insisted on ascribing the beauty of the Fair chiefly to the genius of this man, contending always against rival claims and the forgetfulness of time.

The aesthetic and picturesque aspects of the Fair building included also personal relations—which often, to a warm-hearted man like Mr. Higinbotham, became friendships—with painters, sculptors, musicians, even poets; with foreign Commissioners, government and state officials; with eager concessionaires from far and near; indeed with all the various types of human self-interest and idealistic enthusiasm which a vast festival gathers together. In each case the president, in his council of four, must hold the even scales of justice, settling all disputes aesthetic or temporal, and getting or giving a reasonable price for what was granted or secured.

Many of these disputes were little less than agonies to the persons involved, and in these cases Mr. Higinbotham's quick sympathies became deeply engaged, and he spent over them many hours which should have been given to sleep. One such incident may be briefly dwelt upon, not because it was more important than others, but because it was typical of countless minor disputes which went for final settlement to the Council of Administration, and because the writer, as the author of the poem involved, happens to know about it.

This was the "Columbian Ode" episode—a story which Mr. Higinbotham delighted to tell to the end of his life. This poem had been unanimously requested of the author by the Committee on Ceremonies and definitely accepted by that body for the great day of the

Dedication of Buildings—the four-hundredth anniversary of the Discovery of America. But a small group in the committee suddenly ceased to favor the poem, and set up a violent opposition in the effort to have it annulled as a feature of the Dedication Day program. The dispute became so bitter that a peaceful decision in the Committee became impossible, and the matter was referred to the Council of Administration for settlement.

This was in mid-September, 1892—the Dedication of Buildings was only a month away. The writer, who had just returned from a summer outing, was summoned to present her side of the question at an evening session of the Council of Administration. At this time she had never met Mr. Higinbotham, who took the chair soon after her arrival—a simple, quiet man in the prime of life, of slight figure, fine shapely head, regular features rather delicate in contour, and dark wavy hair and beard streaked with a few threads of gray. Near him were two other members of the Council of Administration.

It was strictly a business session, and the writer was interested to observe how simply and easily various widely differing details were disposed of, either directly or by reference to individuals or committees; details of the roofing contract, the power plants, the sewerage system; applications from would-be concessionaires; and Dedication Day arrangements—program-printing, livery charges, the military procession, plans for transporting and seating the vast throng of over an hundred thousand persons who were being invited to assemble

under the lofty glazed and vaulted roof of the Manufacturers' Building, to celebrate the quadri-centennial anniversary of one of the supreme events in the history of the world. And one of these details was the dispute, inherited from the Committee on Ceremonies, about the "Columbian Ode"—whether or not a portion of it should be read and sung before the great audience on the great day.

The opponents presented their case; they were not satisfied with either the author, who should have been a poet of distinction like the aged Whittier, or the ode itself, which was too long for the occasion, and which contained, moreover, a sixty-line tribute to a deceased relative of the author—a tribute which she had declined to omit.

The writer met these objections as well as she could, pointing out especially that the tribute in question—to the Fair's first architect-in-chief—was due to his memory on this great day, especially as it was only three lines and a half long instead of the sixty-four complained of.

Mr. Higinbotham asked the writer to read the questioned tribute, and then remarked: "It's hardly enough to say of the great architect who planned the Fair, whose death at his post during that first year was the heaviest blow it could possibly have received. A poem for this dedication which did not refer to him would be gravely defective, in my opinion."

Mr. Higinbotham used to say afterwards: "Her poem had been asked for, approved by experts and accepted by the Committee on Ceremonies, and I made

up my mind that as much of it should be read as we had time for in the program, including the tribute to John Root." And it was so ordered.

At last the long anticipated anniversary arrived. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of the late October day, the dramatic splendor of the festival, or the ardent spirit of that vivid audience, whose gay colors fluttered into rainbow brilliancy as the sun struck down through the glass roof. Mr. Higinbotham wrote in his report:

"The scene in the Manufacturers' Building will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The grand platform was occupied by officers of the national government, members of the diplomatic corps, officers of the various States, senators and representatives, directors and commissioners. The eye and brain could scarcely comprehend the vastness of the audience stretching out before this platform. There was little motion, but the air was resonant with an indescribable hum of voices. At the south end of the building the chorus of five thousand persons seemed but a mere island in an ocean of humanity."

Mr. Higinbotham's share of the program was a quiet speech in which he accepted the completed grounds and buildings from Daniel H. Burnham, Director of Works, saluted "the master artists of construction" whom the Director had presented, and offered to him for distribution the medals which had been struck off by the Directory for presentation to the artists of the Fair. Everyone noted the simple dignity of his bearing and speech on this conspicuous occasion.

I have already referred to the anxieties of the Fair's president during the nine months which followed the Dedication. The reward for his long labor came during the last three months of the gorgeous festival, when he could enjoy the beauty and share the gay spirit of that ephemeral White City which he had done so much to create. For, though there have been world's fairs before and since the Columbian, no other has rivalled it in delicate Venetian magic. No other has attempted its inter-weaving of water-ways among buildings and colonnades, whose shining day-time beauty turned to glory at night, when the long rows of lights trailed their golden fringes in the wide lagoons. Mr. Higinbotham delighted in the joy of the people as the festive spirit of the crowd rose and gathered force during those last months of the gala season.

The most important social event of the Exposition season was the banquet given by the Board of Directors on October eleventh to the Commissioners of foreign nations. The great Music Hall on the grounds was transformed into a brilliantly lit bower of ferns, palms and flowers for this occasion, fitly adorned with the flags of the forty-eight nations and the yellow and white banners of the Exposition. Mr. Higinbotham, as presiding officer, opened the exchange of compliments with a brief salutation, and the program closed with his address on "The Future Influence of the Exposition," of which a few sentences may be quoted:

"The impress of our work will be so delicately and interceptibly woven into the fabric of the future that it will have a finer and more beautiful texture. It will

sink deep into the minds of the learned and unlearned alike. It will stimulate the youth of this and later generations to greater and more heroic effort. It will give to the wheels of commerce a new impetus; thereby bring the people of the earth into more intimate and, I trust, happier relations.

“Let us hope that future generations will look back to this place with reverence, satisfaction and pride, as the spot where was laid the deep foundation of a monument that should mark the dawn of a new era, emphasizing the benign influence of the gospel of peace, the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. Let us indulge the fond hope that its influence will increase until it encircles the globe and encompasses the race.

“I have long sought for some consolation to justify the imminent destruction of our beautiful city, and I can find only this thought as comforting:

“Whenever a people have gained distinction by the creation of some specially meritorious work, have declared it finished, and then rested to contemplate its grandeur and magnificence, feeling that there was nothing greater for them to do, they have fallen into a condition of decay, and from that time become effeminate. It is better, therefore, for us to efface our work, and cease to delude ourselves with the thought that there is nothing for us, and those that come after us, to do. Let us rather hope that what we have done will live, as a stepping-stone to grander and more heroic efforts, compensated with richer and rarer fruits. Let us not take to ourselves the credit, and seek to magnify unduly our creation; if it has merit and excel-

lence it will speak for and defend itself. Let us rather rejoice in the thought that what has been done is the culmination of a period in the progress of the world; that especially it declares and emphasizes the wisdom of our fathers in the creation of a government founded on the broad and enduring principles of human liberty.

"These buildings will disappear and mingle with our dust, but their glory will ever live, and continue to mark an era in the progress of civilization long after their creators have been forgotten.

"There is a sense in which the material side of our work seems insignificant; compared to the kindly feeling that has been augmented by the gathering of representatives of the nations of the earth it is of slight importance. The culmination of these close relations of the heart will have more lasting benefit, will permeate more peoples, enduring through all time, and growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

In every detail of his connection with the national festival, Mr. Higinbotham was an effective presiding officer. While making no pretense of oratory in addressing an audience, his personal distinction of manner and the quiet earnestness of his voice added to the force and beauty of a diction concise and vivid. In closer contacts he never lost his patience, yet never retreated from a just decision. In the personal intimacies which developed with all kinds of people, he was unfailingly sympathetic and generous; and when these ripened into friendship, his warm-hearted loyalty became a precious possession in his own spirit and in those it honored.

On May first, 1895, the Board of Directors presented a silver vase as a testimonial to their president, his work now almost over. Their spokesman, Edwin Walker, in the course of his address, said:

"I am commissioned by all who are or have been Directors to make, in their name, public recognition of the invaluable services of our President, Harlow N. Higinbotham. We all recognize his incessant labor, his zeal and loyalty, from the first organization of the Board, but more especially from the date of his official relations until the present time. He is still our President.

"Possibly in some respects I have more intimate knowledge of the magnitude of his labors than other members of the Board, on account of the close relations of our official positions; but we all know that during the lifetime of the Exposition proper the cares and responsibilities of his office were almost beyond human endurance. He brought to the work all his mental and physical strength, his integrity of character, and all the elements of a generous manhood. His work did not close with the Exposition. He was charged with the settlement and adjustment of a large proportion of the varied claims made against the Exposition. These labors have been especially annoying and perplexing.

"But the end of all his and our special work is rapidly approaching. Within a reasonable time we shall be able, as a corporation, to surrender back to the people the trust confided to us, with the hope that all the people will give us the credit of having assumed and honestly discharged a public duty and great public trust.

"And now, President Higinbotham, in behalf of your friends of the Directory, I present this testimonial. I repeat the inscription engraved thereon as the better expression of the earnest appreciation by your friends, of your unswerving fidelity to official duty:

" 'By this testimonial, the Directors record their thorough appreciation of the untiring labors, and unselfish devotion to official duty, of their President, Harlow N. Higinbotham—a souvenir of pleasant associations, abiding friendships, and of the inspiration, administration, and glorious ending of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.' "

In closing this chapter of his life we must, for the moment, pass over a quarter-century to that May-day of 1918 when Daniel Chester French's statue of the Republic was dedicated in Jackson Park as a memorial of the Exposition. To reproduce in bronze of heroic size this figure, which had dominated the Court of Honor in 1893, the last residue of Exposition funds was used, Mr. Higinbotham having successfully resisted numerous efforts to spend the money less fitly. All the members of the old Board of Directors who were alive and in Chicago surrounded its president as his little grand-daughters, Florence Crane and Priscilla Higinbotham, unveiled the monument, and portions of the "Columbian Ode" were read by its author.

Mr. Higinbotham made the following address, which happened to be his last public utterance:

"It is my pleasure to deliver into the care and keeping of the South Park Commissioners this statue. It has been created as a memorial of the Exposition held here

a quarter of a century ago to celebrate the Four-hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of America by Columbus. The Discovery and the celebration four hundred years later, in which the peoples of the earth so generously united, are landmarks, milestones, on the highway of civilization.

“This statue is intended to commemorate both events, and is in such form as to do them the highest honor. It is made of purest metal. It is of heroic size, thus indicating that the events it commemorates were notable. It is in the image of a woman, typifying purity, strength, motherhood. Thus it suggests those qualities that in all the ages have commanded love and respect.

“I cannot allow this last opportunity to speak of the World’s Columbian Exposition to pass without paying tribute to its high purpose, its beauty and beneficent influence. It sprang into being under circumstances and conditions that made it akin to a miracle. A new city in a far country was responsible for its conception, creation, and administration. Its magnificence caused the world to wonder and almost worship. Its Court of Honor will be remembered as worthy of a place beside the most beautiful creations of man. It won the smile of the world and had the blessing and benediction of the Divine. Its author did not live to witness its grandeur. The ‘Columbian Ode’ said of him:

‘Beauty opened wide her starry way,
And he passed on.’

“The unanimity with which the Nations of the Earth united in the celebration is an indication of the value

that the Discovery of the New World was to mankind in its onward march."

Soon after the close of the Exposition Mr. Higinbotham returned to active business. Unfortunately that part of his life is less a matter of public record, and in its history the present writer is wholly uninformed and incompetent. She once read an article by Mr. Higinbotham, intended for young would-be merchants, which set forth so clearly the qualities of mind and temperament required for such a career, and described many typical incidents so picturesquely, as to convince her that its author should use his literary gift to tell the whole dramatic story of the growth of the great business which engaged him for nearly forty years—from its small local beginning with Field, Palmer & Leiter in 1865, to the enormous world-wide commerce of Marshall Field & Co. from which he retired in 1902. Such a story would be, in effect, a commercial history of the great formative period of the nation, and its value can hardly be estimated.

Mr. Higinbotham's public activities did not cease with the World's Fair. After its close, the Field Columbian Museum of Natural History was organized, and he served for seventeen years as its president. For its occupancy the authorities reserved, during a quarter-century, the beautiful Fine Arts Building of the Exposition, from which it removed, in 1920, to the permanent structure south of Grant Park. To this museum its president contributed not only seventeen years of devoted service, but also the collection of precious stones made by Tiffany & Co. for the Exposi-

tion, which was installed as the Gem Collection in Higinbotham Hall.

Indeed, during the last twenty-five years of Mr. Higinbotham's life, most of his leisure was devoted to the people of Chicago; especially the poor and suffering. In 1897 President McKinley offered to appoint him Ambassador to France, but excessive modesty, and love of his own place, caused him to decline. When the city proposed to spend thirty-five million dollars for a new drainage district, and the project was in danger of capture by incompetent politicians, he was active in organizing a non-partisan opposition, and accepted membership in a nominating committee which presented to the voters an able and incorruptible group of six candidates. Then, as chairman of the Finance Committee, he personally collected thirty thousand dollars for campaign expenses, and conducted a whirlwind campaign of only thirty days which resulted in the election of the entire independent ticket. Thus the city was assured not only proper economy, but such professional competence in the construction of the Drainage Canal as should insure the future health of its citizens. This was but one instance of his many inconspicuous but valuable public services.

Besides countless private philanthropies, certain charitable institutions deeply engaged his interest. For many years he was president of Hahnemann Hospital and of the Newsboys' and Bootblacks' Association; and he organized, and was the first president of the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, located on a tract of

one hundred and sixty acres in the northwestern part of the city.

But the Home for Incurables was his best beloved philanthropy—if one can call by that name a veritable child of his spirit which engaged his love and devotion for nearly forty years. When he was first importuned, in 1880, to become a member of the board of such an institution, which had then gone no further than to take out incorporation papers, he felt that he could not consent, in justice to other charitable institutions with which he was connected, not to speak of the arduous and exacting duties of his private business.

However, he was persuaded, and duly elected, made chairman of a finance committee, and soon succeeded to the presidency, which he held until his death. Within a few days he had raised thirteen thousand dollars and rented a vacant house at Fullerton and Racine Avenues. This first Home ran along with some difficulty until 1887, when under the will of Mrs. Clarissa C. Peck, an eastern woman, it fell heir to over six hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Higinbotham became president of the nine trustees under this will, and at once property was purchased and buildings erected at Ellis Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, the present location. The property has been increased by numerous bequests—notably six hundred thousand dollars from Otto Young and a quarter of a million each from Albert Keep and Daniel B. Shipman—until its value is now nearly two million dollars.

A little while before Mr. Higinbotham's death he said: "Since the Chicago Home for Incurables was

opened in 1890, it has had but one superintendent, Mr. Frank D. Mitchell; one matron, Miss Hattie I. Miller; one physician, Dr. W. P. Goodsmith; and one president. And they are all still on duty."

Miss Eleanor Quin, secretary to Mr. Higinbotham for the past ten years, is still assisting; without these people, whose love and devotion has been unfailing, the work could not have been carried on successfully.

It is difficult to follow without emotion the story of Mr. Higinbotham's devotion to the Home. From the time of his retirement from business in 1902, it became, after his family, the chief interest of his mind and heart, with which nothing was allowed to interfere. When in town he made daily visits, always becoming personally acquainted with—indeed, the friend of—each inmate, and cheering them all on with unfailing sympathy and humor. The coldness of many institutional "charities" was never allowed to enter here, and the love which rewarded him in life, and mourned his death, was pathetic in its fervor.

When the death of other early benefactors had made him the sole survivor, he presented to the Home, as a memorial to those who had been associated with him in its establishment, a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription:

A. D. 1909

"This tablet is placed in loving memory of those good and faithful women and men who gave unselfishly of themselves, and generously of their means, for the establishment of this Home. Their names are not recorded here. Yonder in the Infinite they are written

on pages more glorious and far more enduring. This tablet is the gift and the tribute of one who knew them well and loved them fondly.

"May patience and peace and plenty ever abide within its walls.

"May those who suffer and those who serve, those who sing and those who pray, as well as those who, unable to do more, stand by and cheer, be equally blessed.

"May this great city, and all the agencies here employed to heal the sick, alleviate suffering and advance the interest of humanity, be prospered always."

Among the many incidents which portray the tenderness of his nature was one relating to a poor woman in the Cook County Hospital, who, when told that Mr. Higinbotham had come to see her, said: "Is this really Mr. Higinbotham!" Bursting into tears, she drew from beneath her pillow his picture, cut from a newspaper which she had carried many years, as a help to make her patient in suffering, as an inspiration to be gentle and kind. Many other stories of his kindness to those in sickness and distress might be told; particularly details of his daily visits to the Home for Incurables.

A few other incidents may be mentioned to illustrate further Mr. Higinbotham's keen sympathies and his untiring activity in obeying their commands. The case of Leo Frank, whose conviction he felt to be unjust, interested him so deeply that, unsolicited, he went to Atlanta to intercede with the Governor and the Commission for his life. His efforts were successful, as the sentence was commuted and Frank was removed to

another city; but the lynching of the prisoner soon after prevented further action in his favor.

Many men now prominent in affairs tell with what kindly sympathy and affection Mr. Higinbotham aided them in youth. Among these, one who early entered the credit department of Marshall Field & Co. says: "I never knew a man so sympathetic with boys; he never tired of helping young men to get a start in life, and no one could show more tact, perseverance and energy in their service."

A friend tells a story of one of the walking-trips which were Mr. Higinbotham's favorite athletic diversion; for three times—in 1862, 1886 and 1897—he tramped over the mountains of West Virginia, a distance of one hundred and sixty-five miles, either alone or in company; this besides many shorter mountain tramps. The story illustrates not only his love of boys, but his determination to overcome all obstacles.

"Two young employes at Field's planned to take a walking-trip, and asked for the necessary vacation. Mr. Higinbotham was enthusiastic, and said that if they wouldn't mind his company he would make it possible for them to take quite a long tramp through the mountains of West Virginia. They were delighted—no one could have been a more agreeable companion. This was the second or third tramp he had made through this region, whose wild scenic beauty he had learned to love while he was stationed at Clarksburg, West Virginia, during the Civil War, when he was obliged to explore the region on horseback.

"He took the phrase 'walking-trip' very seriously, and would not accept any invitation to ride an inch. At one place, for example, where we had to cross an unfordable stream, he refused to ferry over, and ordered a local carpenter to make a pair of stilts on which he stumbled and splashed, and fell down and got up, and tumbled again, finally arriving, drenched but triumphant, on the opposite bank."

An incident of another walking-trip began at the grave of General Pettigrew, who had been fatally wounded while in command of the rear guard of Lee's army on its retreat from Gettysburg. It was in 1897, in North Carolina, that Mr. Higinbotham found a moss-green grave-stone, which told how General Pettigrew had died at the house of a man named Boyd, near Martinsburg, West Virginia. As it was in Martinsburg that Mr. Higinbotham, while a young Union officer, had been stationed during 1864, and as he had there "received many courtesies from the people of the South both during and after the war," he was much interested. But it was not until 1918 that he could learn anything about the General's family. A few letters then passed between him and Miss Mary Johnstone Pettigrew of Tryon, North Carolina, in one of which he says:

"You mention the mysterious way in which peoples' lives cross or touch, and inform me that the General's great-great-grandmother was Rachel Higinbotham. You will, I am sure, feel that truth is stranger than fiction when I tell you that my wife's name was also Rachel Higinbotham."

And he tells of a quite recent trip on the James River, during which he had met, at Hampton, a cousin of Robert E. Lee who had known the Boyd family, in whose house General Pettigrew died.

He always emphasized the necessity of human sympathy and service, and we have plenty of testimony showing the quick response of his big heart to appeals public and private. A poet once wrote to him, after he had held out his hand at a crisis:

“Who cares for the burden, the night and the rain,
And the long steep lonesome road,
When at last through the darkness a light shines plain,
When a voice calls hail, and a friend draws rein
With an arm for the heavy load!

“For life is the chance of a friend or two
This side the journey’s goal.
Though the world be a desert the long night through,
Yet the gay flowers bloom and the sky grows blue
When a soul salutes a soul.”

In religious matters he was extremely liberal, feeling that “It is what we do, yesterday, today, and tomorrow, more than what we believe, that will be important in the final round-up.” In June, 1893, he said, in his address of welcome at the opening of the World’s First Parliament of Religions:

“The meeting of so many illustrious and learned men under such circumstances evidences the kindly spirit and feeling that exists throughout the world. To me this is the proudest work of our Exposition. Whatever may be the differences in the religions you represent,

there is a sense in which we are all alike. There is a common plane on which we are all brothers. We owe our being to conditions that are exactly the same. Our journey through this world is by the same route. We have in common the same senses, hopes, ambitions, joys and sorrows; and these to my mind argue strongly and almost conclusively a common destiny.

“To me there is much satisfaction and pleasure in the fact that we are brought face to face with men who come to us bearing the ripest wisdom of the ages. They come in the friendliest spirit, which, I trust, will be augmented by their intercourse with us and with each other. I am hoping, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, that your Parliament will prove to be a golden milestone on the highway of civilization—a golden stairway leading up to the tableland of a higher, grander and more perfect condition, where peace will reign and the enginery of war be known no more forever.”

This hope of a better era is referred to again in the address to the Japanese commissioners quoted above. On that occasion—in 1909—he said:

“I am hoping that future expositions will leave out the machinery of war. I know that we had a warship and the Krupp gun at our own, but I am older now, and I have a higher appreciation of the implements of peace, and an intense dislike, amounting to hatred, of war and all its trappings.

“Let us all hope that this twentieth century will witness the dawn of a new era, that it will go down in history as the age of peace, the age when a common desire seemed to take possession of humanity every-

where to share with all others the blessings they enjoyed. Thus would be augmented the great sum of human happiness.

“The nations of the earth should unite in a movement to maintain a universal court whose duty it will be to determine and adjust all national differences. I would have, representing this court on the high seas, one navy and only one, whose duty it would be to police the seas, prevent possible piracy or improper or illegal commerce, and assist the merchant marine in time of disaster or distress. The money thus saved would go far towards the care of the sick and unfortunate the world over, and would add to the peace and prosperity of the people everywhere, far beyond the power of the human mind to conceive or calculate.”

To such feeling as this, developed and cherished through a long life, the world catastrophe of 1914 was a cruel strain; and for over two years Mr. Higinbotham hoped that his own country might keep out of the struggle. Nevertheless, both before and after the United States declared war, he did what he could to alleviate distress in the suffering nations and to encourage heroic spirit in our own.

The Armistice brought to him, as to all the world, deep relief after the long and bitter strain. It was good that he lived to see the collapse of the anachronistic military autocracy which had caused the war, and to return, in spite of this cataclysm, to his firm belief that the days of war are numbered.

The fatal accident of April eighteenth, 1919, in New York, closed his life while he was still scarcely conscious

of old age, and in full possession of vigor of body, mind, and spirit. To the last he was thinking of others—he was on his way to greet returning soldiers of Illinois when he was stricken down by a government ambulance.

One is tempted to apply to him a few sentences he once wrote for a friend who had died:

“He discovered to me a nature rich in every higher attribute, and his communication was so charming in diction, and so sweetly simple in its mood, that I was deeply moved by his conversation. I was impressed by his love for humanity, his patriotism, and the pride he felt in his profession. He was a pure type of the old-school gentlemen. His was the habit and mien of the scholar. His character has stamped itself upon many people, and his example will influence the generations; as his perfect life has blessed the community in which he lived, and benefited those who knew him.

“It is well with our friend. He sleeps the slumber of peace. The night wrapped his body in death, but his soul saw the dawn of life.”

APPENDIX

APPENDIX A.

LINCOLN IN 1864

The following article, suggested by the controversy over Mr. Barnard's statue of Lincoln, was written for the New York Sun, and published in that paper during the summer of 1917:

I am impelled by your full-page illustrated article on Lincoln, and the artist's representation of him to be given to a nation that believed in and sympathized with him and that desires to honor him and perpetuate his memory, to give you and the public my views:

I was born in Illinois in 1838 and have always been a resident of that State. I knew Lincoln, not intimately, but well. I saw, and heard him speak frequently during the years next preceding the Civil War. I knew him before he was a candidate for the presidency, and best during the contest between him and Douglas for the senatorship. It is, I think, well understood that the contest between these two great men was the stepping-stone to the presidency for Lincoln, and gave him to the nation and the world as one of its foremost noble and heroic characters. I knew him later as president, and I am the only person living who was present on the occasion of the first meeting between Lincoln and General U. S. Grant. This meeting took place in the White House on the evening of the eighth of March, 1864, when General Grant came to Washington, escorted by Congress-

man E. B. Washburn, to receive his commission as Lieutenant-General of the Army. Those present on that occasion, all from Illinois, were Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, General Grant, Hon. E. B. Washburne, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. James, and myself.

In Harper's Weekly published at that time is a full-page illustration of the presentation of the commission by President Lincoln, in the presence of the members of the cabinet, on the day following the first meeting. The presentation took place at the Capitol. It may not be generally known, but General Grant was the first to enjoy the full rank of Lieutenant-General after Washington; General Winfield Scott having received it by brevet. I was engaged in the Quartermaster's Department at this time and was on duty in Knoxville, Tenn., and had been sent to Washington to confer with the Quartermaster General, M. C. Meigs. This visit gave me opportunity to see Lincoln under conditions vastly different from those when I had seen him in Illinois. He was, however, the same Lincoln that I had known. If there was a change, it was that he seemed shrunken in stature. He was, however, both in manner and dress, quite in keeping with his exalted station. He was at ease and well poised; nothing in his manner, dress or speech even suggested awkwardness. He had indelibly stamped on his features more than a suggestion of nobility. There were clearly outlined and defined those characteristics that made him famous; that made him the Saviour of his Country and the liberator of a race from bondage. It seems to me, that any representation of Lincoln should, at least, aim to show him as teeming with and, in fact, overflowing with those qualities and characteristics that he was known to possess. On the contrary, the artist has gone far back to his early life, and has sought to represent him even worse than he could have been under the most adverse circumstances. The statue is what the artist seemingly intended it to be—a splendid, a magnificent misrepresentation of Abraham Lincoln as he was *in the later years of his life*, for it reverts to what he conceived him to have been back in Kentucky before he had found himself. As evidence

of this, it is stated that the sculptor went to Kentucky and found a man who was, and always had been, a rail-splitter and nothing else; and he gives it as Lincoln. Those of us who knew him cannot accept such a substitute.

H. N. HIGINBOTHAM.

APPENDIX B

THE POWER OF PERSONALITY

At the Commencement exercises of Lombard College, June fifth, 1901, Mr. Higinbotham delivered a eulogy in memory of the Rev. Dr. Otis A. Skinner, whom he called "my exemplar," "my ideal of a grand and noble manhood," "the most splendid and attractive man I have ever beheld."

As this address expresses intimately its author's philosophy of life and death, we append the following extracts:

We have been told by a world-famous student and philosopher that self-sacrifice is the surest means of securing happiness and repose, that life is only of value through devotion to what is true and good. But in turning aside at this hour from other claims upon my time and attention to consider briefly the power of personality in life, as exemplified in the career of a good man, it is not so much the spirit of self-sacrifice as it is the feeling of inadequacy that enters into my task. It is friendship that interrogates me; it is frankness that will respond. It is a pleasure to lay a wreath, however simple, upon the grave of one to whose noble example and beneficent influence I am largely indebted for any humane endeavor or philanthropic spirit that has found expression in my life. . .

On Sunday afternoons it was his custom to go into the country to preach, and on many of these occasions it was my privilege

to accompany him. He talked and thought a great deal about the happiness of others. He always seemed to be looking for a soul that he could cheer by loving and thoughtful words. He knew that no man could live unto God except by living at the same time unto his fellows. . . So this man's good works follow him and will be reflected and multiplied in the lives of others to the end of time. . .

It is wonderful how indestructibly the good grows and propagates itself, even among weedy entanglements. Evil things perish, but the good goes on forever. Music heard from afar is all harmony; the discordant notes perish by the way and never reach the ear of the listener. . .

If men are changed by events and environment, they are changed much more, either for good or ill, by their fellow-men. This is the alchemy of influence. We, all of us, are apt to minimize our power or influence, arguing to ourselves that what we may say or do is not noticed or observed, and is therefore of little moment or consequence. There was never a greater error.

For every good deed of ours the world will be better always. And perhaps on no day does a man walk the street cheerfully without meeting some other person who is brightened by his face, and who unconsciously to himself catches from that look an ineffable something—an inspiration that gives him new courage and saves him from a wrong action. Usefulness, after all, is nobler than fame—so noble, indeed, that man should not demand a higher reward for his labors under the sun than the consciousness of having done his neighbor some form of service.

Every person who has lived in the past, who lives in the present or may hereafter come into being, either has exerted or will exert some influence for the good or ill of his fellows. Even in inanimate nature this seems to be the law of existence. The glacier, that had its beginning when the earth was new, carries in its icy grasp objects which today tell the story of its course as plainly as if by written or spoken word. The tree standing

by the wayside, barren of either flower or fruit and seemingly useless, may have a beneficent office. Some tired and lonely traveler, discouraged and disheartened, resting beneath its shade, may be lured back to a life of usefulness and happiness by the song of a bird in its branches. And so it is too in the animal kingdom. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air in divers ways make their impress upon nature and upon all life.

“When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons of our tomb.”

APPENDIX C

THE MAN WHO DID ME A GOOD TURN

Written by Dr. Frank Crane

Is there any feeling quite like that with which you pick up the Morning Paper?

You yourself, child of mystery, have just come from a brief visit with Death, in the house of Sleep, and are upon the stoop of another Day, and when you look at the Paper, it is as if your hand lay upon the latch that opens the Door of another Room in that great House of Adventure—Life.

What will you see? Kings fallen? New wonders of strange lands? Another crime? What new shifting in the kaleidoscope of Fate?

The other day I read that Harlow N. Higinbotham, sometime President of the World's Columbian Exposition, man of affairs, wealth, business, and philanthropy, had died. At eighty-two years of age, still active and vigorous, he had fallen beneath an automobile in the street.

This is not the story of his life. Others will write his biography. They will tell of his plans, achievements, honors.

But certain men, to you, are types. They are symbols. Whatever may be their order in the usual chronicle of the world, to you they stand for a point of sentiment, a mark of an idea.

Harlow N. Higinbotham will always be to me the concrete representative and ikon of

“The Man Who Did Me a Good Turn.”

It matters not what it was all about, but once he, wealthy and busy, stopped his work, left his office and walked with me, little and unknown, down the street, to do me a favor, for no reason except that he took a fancy to me.

That was more than twenty years ago. So he is gone now! I wish I might drop a tear upon his folded hands; perhaps the Recording Angel, checking up his account, might see it, and think it was a pearl, and put it to his credit. So only can I pay my debt.

Reading of his death has set me thinking. How many persons there are who have done me a Good Turn! Just casual people, I mean. All kinds. Let me recall. Alas, that my memory for kindness is so poor!

I cannot understand those who say they owe no man anything. My days are crowded with undeserved Good Turns. I shall never pay my debts, if I live a thousand years.

There's the man who gave me a match, the girl who gave me a smile, the farmer who gave me a ride, a cobbler in Munich once mended my shoe and would take no money, a man made way for me in a crowd to see the parade, a baby once smiled at me and held out her arms—I would not forget these small things, little sparkles in the life-stream.

And men have given me a chance, and some have stopped to praise me, and I have seen the little flame in women's eyes as they looked on me, and years ago George Armstrong and Jo Holmes lent me money when I am sure they did not know they would ever get it back.

There are others, appearing out of the stranger throng, that have stood by me, defended my name, spoken out boldly and called themselves my friends.

Of all these Harlow N. Higinbotham is the type, because my acquaintance with him was but casual, because he had no

reason for his kindness except the human spark, because he emerged from the multitude, did me his Good Turn, and receded again into the mist.

Always his strong face, shrewd and understanding, will stand out from among the sea of human faces in my memory, and rebuke my dark moods, saying unto me that this world of men and women is a good place, full of unexpected impulse, not a vale of tears, but a place of Heart and Humanity.

So, Recording Angel, when the case of this man comes up on the Day of Judgment, let me bear my testimony.

HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM

One of the workers of the world
Living toiled, and toiling died;
But others worked and the world went on,
And was not changed when he was gone.
A strong man stricken, a wide sail furled;
And only a few men sighed.

Well, I am one of them.

Pompey, his Fortune gives you back

To the friends and the gods who love you !

Once more you stand in your native land,

With the stars and stripes above you !

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

Come, just for once, let's celebrate

In the good old way and classic —

Our skins we'll mark with Fairbank's lard,

And soak our souls in classic !

And when the bill for the same comes in,

I pray you'll be so partial

As to charge my share in the costly affair

To my prosperous cousin Marshall !

APPENDIX D

In a copy of "Echoes from the Sabine Farm," given to Mr. Higinbotham by Eugene Field we find inscribed, on the fly leaf, the following:

Dear Mr. Higinbotham: I am sending you this book for several reasons. In the first place, I should like to have it serve as a token of that sense of pleasure which, in common with the rest of our townsmen, I feel to have you back in Chicago after months of absence in foreign lands. Then, again, I am glad to give you the book because I know that you will regard it with the appreciative and jealous tenderness which every author loves to see others bestow upon the creations of his brain and pen. But above all I am hoping, dear sir, that you will look upon this gift as a cordial expression (however modest) of my feeling of indebtedness to you for the goodness you have shown to me and to my friends for my sake.

(Signed) EUGENE FIELD.

Chicago, February, 1892.

And in Mr. Field's hand writing this little poem referring to Mr. Higinbotham's return from a three year's absence in Europe.

Pompey, 'tis Fortune gives you back
To the friends and the gods who love you!

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Once more you stand in your native land,
With the stars and stripes above you!

Come, just for once, let's celebrate
In the good old way and classic—

Our skins we'll nard with Fairbank's lard,
And soak our souls in Massic!

And when the bill for the same comes in,
I pray you'll be so partial

As to charge my share in the costly affair
To my prosperous cousin Marshall!

RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR
DESIGNER — PRINTER
FINE ARTS BLDG., CHICAGO

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MG
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